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Crookenden, Isaac

Horrible revenge

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HORRIBLE REVENGE;

OR, THE

MONSTER OF ITALY!!

A

Romance of the Sixteenth Century.

ALSO,

HOPELESS LOVE,

AN INTERESTING TALE.

BY ISAAC CROOKENDEN.

“Vengeance is alive! from her dark cave,
“With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
“She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms!

“But that her blood’s too hot, or I’d carouse
“It round my festive board!”

DR. YOUNG’S REVENGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. HARRILD,
No. 20, Great Eastcheap.

1812

Harrild, Printer, 20, Great Eastcheap.

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THE

HORRIBLE REVENGE.

STRANGE and horrible events may sometimes proceed from causes apparently trifling; and if the reader doubts the assertion, let him peruse the following history :—

The young Count de Volanti, to a person formed with every masculine grace, united a mind stored with a rich collection of intellectual treasures, and an heart feelingly alive to all the fine sensibilities of human sympathy. His merit had given him an exalted station in one of the finest regiments of his Italian majesty. His father was the King's chief minister, and had long basked in the rays of court favour. At this period, the Italian states had ravished the laurel of victory from the brows of France; and the purple throat of war no longer roared for human carnage: the dormant sword slept harmlessly in its scabbard, and the young Count, having nothing to do in the field, went to pay a visit to the Dutchess de Gassandi, an amiable widow about forty, who was a distant relation of his mother. He was ushered into the parlour; but instead of seeing the Dutchess, he beheld a young female, a perfect stranger to him, sitting on a sofa, working embroidery. He bowed with an air of involuntary respect, and enquired whether the Signora was at home? stiling himself, with

a smile, an old acquaintance of the Dutchess. * The fine silver tones of his voice vibrated pleasingly on the charmed ear of Amanda, (which was the name of this young lady.) She arose, and saying, "Pray Signor take a seat; I'll call my aunt directly," quitted the room. She ran up stairs; "Madam, here's a gentleman wishes to see you; I think it must be him the company were talking about yesterday, for I never saw a handsomer man in my life; besides, he said he knows your ladyship." "Ah! it must be him," said her aunt, "come my love, let us descend." "I'll follow you directly madam," said Amanda. ! O nature, nature! how subtle, how imperceptible are thy movements! "I will follow you directly Madam," Why did she stay behind? only to cast a look on the glass, and adjust those momentous minutia of her dress, which would impart a more lucid beam to the eye of admiration; though she was afraid to investigate her motive for doing this. When Amanda entered the parlour, her aunt introduced these amiable young persons to each other. It will be found a remark worthy of being noticed, that the sentiment of the heart which is called Love, although alike in nature, assumes a character in correspondence to the disposition of those whom it inspires: in some it discovers itself in gaiety and vivacity; but minds of a superior stamp, frequently retire within themselves, and feed upon the perfections of the beloved object. Thus it was with the young Albio and Amanda, who had not been an hour together, before a reciprocal sympathy was manifested through the crystal medium of their eyes, they mutually elicited sigh, and the transporting tremor, when ever they accidentally touched each other. The Dutchess saw, and highly approved of their growing partiality: her amiable niece had made several conquests before, but this pleased her the most, because she knew the virtues of its object. She knew that Amanda's mother was ignorant of the excellences of her daughter, and had, without any
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cause, repudiated her from maternal tenderness, having bestowed all her affection on her son Julien, who repaid her criminal partiality with filial ingratitude: as for the father of Amanda, a secret melancholy had preyed on his spirits, and he had suddenly disappeared from his family, and had not been heard of for a course of years.

We shall now cast a look backwards, in order to connect this history with the foregoing pages.

When Cardinal Mazarene fled from the Court of Henry the fourth of France, he concealed himself in some place which has hitherto been unpierced by conjecture: we are happy therefore, that it is in our power to let the reader know that the Cardinal lay perdue in Italy, having secured the friendship of the then reigning monarch. While Mazarene was at Venice, he fell in love with the Doge's sister; and this lady being less virtuous than beautiful, sent the Cardinal word that she was pregnant.

At this period France had declared war against the Ottoman Port; General Turrene was dead; the Prince of Conti imprisoned; Cardinal Richlieu disgraced; and the political helm of affairs left without a guide. The Cardinal, urged by the alarming vacancy at Court as well as by the disgrace of the Doge's sister, suddenly appeared in France, and was received with rapture both by monarch and people. As the lady was in the infancy of her pregnancy, a marriage was speedily formed between her and the Marquis de Pionori at the birth of the child was not sufficiently premature, to be accounted for any other way, than from those accidents which so frequently happen during the parturient season.

The Marchioness Pionori presented the world with another son, about three years after; the eldest was named after his grandfather Velasco; and the youngest was called Julien. She did not live to see her sons grow up and the Marquis took no second wife, but

applied himself to the education of his sons. But notwithstanding the bias of education, the physical temper of the soul will discover itself; Velasco and Julien were very different characters. Velasco was of a placid, smooth disposition; Julien of an high ambitious turn, who ill-brooked the inferiority which custom had stamped on a younger brother. The marquis died when Velasco had attained his twenty-third year; and now Julien seemed more dissatisfied than ever with his lot, therefore collecting all his property together, he took leave of his brother, bid adieu for ever to Venice, and determined to pursue his schemes of ambition in another part of Italy. Velasco, now that his brother was departed, found a strange vacancy in his heart; he had always conducted himself in his fraternal capacity, with undeviating consistency, and he found he had nothing to reprove himself with; but still he was unhappy. It seemed as if he was alone in the world; and to banish for a time, many disagreeable reflections, he resorted to one of those nocturnal revels, called a masquerade; and a Venician masquerade, the reader, must allow to be as meretricious as any in all Italy: for there was reckoned to be not less than 150,000 bona-robas at this time, in Venice only, the greatest part of whom were tolerated on paying an annual tax to the government.

As the Marquis walked through the elegant rooms the eyes of the company were suddenly struck with a fine tall figure, arrayed in the costume of an eastern princess. From her turban to her shoes she exhibited a complete specimen of asiatic pomp: a purple robe enveloped her form, which being looped up to her right knee, discovered azure pantaloons; her shoes were incurvated at the points, and were fastened to her feet by silken thongs, which were attached to a golden buckle in the middle of her instep; from her turban, sprung a towering ostrich plume, whose waving top added a finished majesty to her appearance, confined in the front of her turban by a diamond crescent, which receiving

receiving the rays of light, according to her varied movements, irradiated the room with a beautiful multiplicity of coruscations. This splendid figure slowly floated through the room, drawing after her the admiring gaze of the company. As she past the Marquis, whether from design or accident is not certain, but her veil suddenly flew on one side, and he had a view of some of the finest features which human fancy ever conceived: her eyes were black, and shot a lovely flash at the heart of Velasco. The reader may perhaps know that at an Italian masquerade, the beginning of a correspondence between the sexes, is always made by the female; and that the first intimation is made thro' the medium of the toe. Accordingly the beautiful asiatic secretly bestowed this token of preference upon the Marquis: when, as if ashamed of what she had done, she instantly quickened her pace: the Marquis followed her: she cast a hasty glance back, and after a short time seated herself in a retired part of the room. In less than five minutes, Velasco was beside her; nature has a thousand ways to compass her designs: a conversation was entered upon, which was a great deal more general, than that which took place between their eyes. In short, the reader will be mistaken if he supposes, that the acquaintance, though it commenced in so romantic a manner, concluded with the Masquerade. On the contrary, the Marquis was so well pleased with the eastern princess, that he waited on the father the very next day, and professed himself enamoured of his daughter. The old Count Hautifero received the disclosure with joy: his eldest daughter had married the Duke de Gassandi, and the beautiful Amanda was the only child he had unmarried. Her blushing looks and downcast eyes confessed a mutual flame. In short, the young couple were married with the splendor suited to their rank. They then took possession of a magnificent Castle, which devolved on the Marquis to the death of his father, and if the reader please, we'll give a transient description

description of its splendour. It was situated on the banks of the Brenta—from a marble portico, descended a flight of stone steps, with iron rails on each side, from which the marquis could step into his gondola. The large folding doors in the front of the building, opened into a spacious hall; on the right hand was a large staircase of black marble; on the first landing-place, was an extensive gallery, which led to an uniform range of apartments. The third of these, reckoning from the eastern end, consisted of an ample room of mahogany flooring, so nicely jointed together, as to deceive the keenest inspection: its extensive surface was covered with a magnificent carpet; an exquisitely finished cornice ran along the ceiling, from which, to the very floor, descended six grand Venecian looking glasses; a splendid window, of an immense size, was in the front of this room, on which was painted, in a style of finished excellence, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; the window shutters were of mahogany, jointed together by golden hinges; the chimney piece was of beautiful variegated marble, over head was a fine representation of the grotto of Calypso, and the vaulted ceiling was exquisitely enriched with fret-work from Ovid's Metamorphosis. All the other rooms were furnished with an equal degree of splendor, so that if grandeur and magnificence were essential to happiness, the Marquis was certainly a happy man; but alas! experience proves they are not: an assertion this which is always called in question by every man, till a right knowledge of his own heart has confirmed its evidence. At the usual time, the Marchioness brought her husband a son, who he named Julien, after his brother; the Marchioness was passionately fond of her little son, and although two years afterward she brought a daughter into the world, her whole soul was wrapt up in her first-born. As he grew up, his passions were rather encouraged than checked; and the Marquis began to tremble for the consequences: he therefore began to interpose his authority; but to his

his astonishment, this mild exercise of his prerogative, called forth a part of the lady's character, which till now, she had carefully concealed, and the mortified Velasco found that he had increased the number of those, who suspend their whole happiness upon the casual glance of an eye, without enquiring any thing concerning internal worth. This discovery preyed on his spirits; he saw that Julien would be ruined, except he exerted every particle of his authority as a father, and he was equally convinced that such an exertion would become an endless source of disquiet between him and his lady. These reflections rendered him truly miserable; his placid, and amiable temper shrunk from the idea of living in perpetual variance; on the other hand he dreaded to be remiss in his parental duty. His case was of a very delicate nature, and after deeply pondering on it, he came to an extraordinary, and perhaps unjustifiable resolution. He suddenly disappeared from his Castle, and the Marchioness found the following note in her dressing-room:—

“You will see my face no more till the general judgment; but I charge you to curb the temper of Julien, or I foresee he will engraft a curse upon your name. In Amanda you may see the dawn of a virtuous soul; O rear her up in the paths of piety, and never let her know the unhappy fate of

VELASCO, MARQUIS DE PIONORI.”

This note excited surprise, but not a spark of tenderness in the breast of the Marchioness; Julien was indulged, and Amanda neglected as much as ever. Thus years rolled on till Julien had attained that critical period of adolescence when the reason and conscience are so ready to resign the reigns of self-supremacy into the hands of the senses: when the wild throbbings of the heart pant after some unknown, but lawless delight. To save him from the danger attending promiscuous amours, his mother procured him several *bona-robas*; but these were insufficient to restrain his riotous pleasures;

sures; he contaminated the breast of innocence, and assisted the hand of time to plant furrows in the parent's cheek. As a contrast to this vicious youth, the amiable Amanda, who was now seventeen, was a pattern of virtue, as well as of beauty. Heaven's unclouded face looked not more serene than her countenance; her azure eye swam in crystal glory; the swan's glossy plumage could not emulate the whiteness of her neck, whence the dazzled eye, retiring downwards, was kindly intercepted by a modest fence of guardian cambric; her luxurious hair was of a dark auburn, and strayed, in waving redundancy down her back, and parted over her polished forehead. However, it appeared that neither her beauty, nor her mental excellencies could gain her mother's affections; and she proposed sending her on a visit to her aunt, the Duchess de Gassandi. A few days previous to her journey, Amanda discovered in a drawer in her chamber, the miniature picture of a nobleman, and on turning it on the other side, saw these words written—"Velasco, Marquis de Pionori." "This then was my father," said she, gazing at the picture with interest. She had heard her mother mention the name of the Marquis once or twice, but never in a manner to excite emotions of tenderness in her breast: and she felt a secret desire to wear this, unknown to the Marchioness; she therefore concealed it in her bosom, and soon after arrived at her aunt's residence, who received her with joy, and soon discovered that her niece was an honour to human nature. The Duchess's acquaintance were very select, and their conversation wholly different from that which floats round a modern tea table. Amanda had often heard them mention a young nobleman by the name of de Volanti, whom they celebrated equally for his masculine beauty, and his amiable temper, and she found that several ladies were enamoured with him; but that he was totally ignorant of the conquests he had made, although sufficiently visible to others. The very next day
 after

after this conversation took place, the young Volanti went to pay a visit to the Dutchess as related in the beginning of this History.

Thus have we accounted for the appearance of Amanda at the Dutchess's and brought our History down to the period from which we started. Volanti was now oftener than ever at Signora Gassandi's house, drawn thither by the secret attraction of Amanda's beauty; they grew more enamoured as their acquaintance ripened. The Dutchess had a most delightful garden at the back of her house, in the middle of which a fine fountain played, the waters receiving their impulsive elevation from a lusty Triton, who blew them from his shell; on one side was a natural cascade, which dashed down the rugged rock, and winding along in a circular, direction, perpetually replenished its own source; by the side of this stood a romantic arbour, formed of the interweaving jessamin and honey-suckle; here and there the wild rose, half revealed its blushing face, bedewed with the tears of evening.

In this charming retreat, one fine evening, our young lovers were sitting; Amanda was looking into a volume of Petrarch, and Volanti was drawing sounds of melody from the lute. "Ah!" thought she, "unhappy, ill-fated Petrarch! thine was a hopeless passion since the object of it was married; but this amiable youth who sits beside me, young, rich and handsome as you was, seems to live but in my presence: how happy ought I think myself!" As she said this, nature impressed her features with that voluntary stamp, which exactly corresponded with the tenderness of her reflections: her head gently inclined on one side, and her eyes, which were filled with a luminous moisture, were elevated to a direction between the zenith and the horizon: never was her appearance so flattering to the hopes of her lover, who at this critical moment caught the turn of her countenance; the notes of the lute trembled: he laid aside that instrument, and drawing nearer

nearer Amanda, bent his head to her's. The night was still and beautiful, not a breath was stirring; the solemn serenity of the scene added rest to the transports of the lovers. Volanti, as he inclined towards her, gently introduced his hand into her's: "Amanda, my sweet Am——" the remainder of the word was lost in a rising sigh, and Amanda instantly felt a burning kiss impressed on her lips. The novel extacy, paralyzed her frame, and lent a wild transport to her eye. Volanti pursued the rapturous theme;—"Do you love me?" said he, in a faltering voice; she answered not by words; but her voluntary blushes, and undissembled tears, carried to his heart a ray of that joy, which no mortal ever experienced twice! From this luxurious period, Amanda and Volanti were never happy from each other, and the Dutchess was delighted with their mutual affection; and I could wish to speak farther of them in this plan; but historical propriety now obliges me to introduce some other persons who are connected with this narration. The reader doubtless recollects that the unfortunate Marquis de Pinori had a brother called Julien, who, soon after his father's death, parted from Velasco, and went no one knew whither. He travelled to Naples, and found means so to push his fortune at Court, that in less than a year, he rose to a lucrative post; soon after he married a rich heiress, and beheld himself rapidly advancing in power and granduer.

At the usual time his lady brought him a son, which was the only child he ever had, and which, as well as his father, received a false name; for Julien had dropt his family name. Ten years past away in a ceaseless round of splendor and magnificence, when fate plucked an arrow from misfortune's quiver, and let fly at the very heart of his happiness. Among those who frequently visited Julien, was a nobleman of rank and fashion, called Count Carrazi; he was about forty; handsome in his person, and of no mean intellects: his
greatest

greatest weakness lay in his passions, which, as he never succeeded in conquering, he had now given over trying to subdue. To place this gentleman in the midst of female beauty, was like dropping a spark into a barrel of gunpowder. He was sitting once in company with Theodora, (the wife of Julien) whose husband happened to be from home. Carrazi therefore, always in danger when a woman was present, had a great deal too much leisure to notice the beauty and accomplishments of his friend's wife. "What a charming woman!" said he, inwardly; "and how happy must her husband be!" The thought raised an involuntary sigh. When there are but two persons in company, and those of opposite sexes, a sigh is too often considered as a signal. Theodora no sooner heard it, but she made a sudden movement with her head; and the next time her eye caught that of the Count; a sudden, and mutual heave of the breast was the consequence. It is one of the most dangerous things in the world to sport with the passion of love, and yet nothing is more common; it is the favorite amusement of the sexes, when they happen to meet in mixed company; and for this evening these two noble persons chose it for their pastime. But alas! they both paid very dear for the indulgence of their inclinations.

Carrazi was always uneasy after this evening, but when he was at Julien's house; and even when he was there, he was for ever in a state of embarrassment, and was afraid to look at his wife in his presence. However, Julien had no suspicion of the thoughts which agitated the bosoms of the criminal pair; thus dangerously crept behind security, and in a moment of weakness, the honor of Theodora was sacrificed to a lawless passion. There are some women, who, though virtuous in other respects, yet are naturally so susceptible, that they cannot endure to see a lover miserable at their feet, when they really believe that they themselves are the cause of that misery. This weakness, which has its
origin

origin in a criminal sympathy, is highly reprehensible ; and this it was that proved fatal to Theodora. The first transgressions introduced others, and the guilty intimacy was repeated, 'till at length Julien discovered the fatal secret, and he resolved to execute a "Horrible Revenge." About a year previous to this time, he had purchased a Gothic castle in the vicinity of Naples ; it stood in a secluded gloomy situation, embowered in the midst of a deep wood, through which the howling blast swept in dismal gusts. Here Julien had his frail wife privately conveyed, and imprisoned in one of the subterranean recesses, the deep horrors of which formed a ghastly contrast with grandeur, to which she had ever been used. This was but a small part of Julien's vengeance ; his vindictive soul knew no rest while Carrazi was alive. He was resolved "that havoc should stalk in gore," to use an expression of Barbarossa. He hired assassins to way-lay him, who executed their bloody design, and agreeable to their orders, brought Julien his head. He contemplated it with exulting scorn, and when the flesh was consumed, he ever after had the food of his wife presented to her from the disgusting hollow ; but when first her provisions were tendered to her from this ghastly waiter, she shrunk back with horror ; it was instantly taken away, and not offered again till her keen sensations had overcame her strong repugnance. In this dismal abode, the unfortunate Theodora had full leisure to review her past follies, and this review laid the foundation of the bitterest repentance. Nothing softens the heart like affliction ; it dissolves the mystic charm which connects our affections with the world ; strips its empty vanities of their gorgeous disguise, and draws the soul, by a secret magnetism, to those regions of spotless bliss, where its true felicity is to be found. Theodora experienced the truth of these observations ; she was now doing that which Dr Young, in the incomparable '*Night Thoughts*,' recommends to all, where he says,

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"Tis wise in us to converse with past hours,
 "And ask them what report they brought to heaven."

"To what purpose was I born in the lap of fortune?" said she, "since it has only accelerated my ruin!" Thus she past her solitary hours, and her frame, wasting by confinement, rapidly declined, while Julien beheld her sufferings without pity, and intermitted none of his usual pleasures.

What a dreadful reverse of fate did the Countess now experience! ah! how frightfull the difference between the baleful horrors of a dungeon, and the splendid embellishments of a palace! She wrung her hands in agony, and in wild and incoherent ravings, lamented the cruelties of her situation; she threw her fine form on the bed of straw, which was placed at one end of the dungeon; tore her redundant tresses, and appeared in the last stage of mental affliction, her countenance exhibiting that of a beauteous maniac. For four days the unhappy creature remained in this deplorable state; but at length she resigned: she was

tence. Think of this, my female reader, and let it soften the severity of your censure towards the unhappy lady ; for, of this, rest assured, that while the Supreme looks down with pity's softest eye on a penitent Magdalene, he turns with abhorrence from the proud female, who, without any reference to him, boasts of her innate virtue ; when, perhaps, that virtue is only guarded by a peculiar constitution, the want of personal attractions, or the motives of fear or shame. Julien visited the captive lady once a week, and at such times the mournful expression of her eyes excited a degree of pity in his breast ; but it was soon banished by a remembrance of the dishonour she put upon him : she knelt at his feet, and with tears of contrite sorrow, supplicated his compassion ; and entreated him, tho' alas ! in vain, once more to restore her to liberty and life.

About this time he was informed that his son, now about twenty years of age, had engaged in an Italian girl in Naples. This intelligence he examined him- self, and he exclaimed the girl was from a rich family. Pige-

in consequence of an hasty message from her mother. The young Count proceeded again to his father with this melancholy information. A few days after this, an event happened, which in the end, proved fatal to Julien. He was very much attached to that fashionable vice—gaming; tho he took care always to go in disguise. One night he had a long severe contest with an antagonist, who little knew the rank of the person he was playing with. Julien, at length, won all the man's property, and the unfortunate gamster retired to a remote part of the room. In a few minutes a person seated himself by him, and began to enter into conversation. "I am truly sorry you have been so unlucky this evening." "Cold pity, Signor, is but an insult to my feelings." "Say not so; I meant not to insult you, but to offer you my assistance: do you know him who has won your money?" "No—to my knowledge, I never saw him before." "But I know him, for one of the rankest villains in nature; I could tell you secrets ah! such secrets," continued he, throwing a searching look round the room;—"I am much mistaken, if he did not murder a brother of mine: you have heard of Count Carrazi——this man had a beautiful wife——you understand me——the Count disappeared——there's no evidence; but——I think you are not his friend——judge of my feelings——the man who kills another deserves to die——and if half my fortune——" Here they were interrupted by a person walking near them: but the hints thrown out, tho' black in their own nature, were sufficiently luminous for the man's understanding. They shifted their station, and conducted their discourse in an under voice, when the unsuccessful gamster undertook to execute the horrid business that very night, for which he was to receive a large sum of money. Alas! too successfully was the latent-villany Julien received a deep stab in the breast, as he was turning into the Strada di Toledo, at the end of which street he lived. Albio was thunderstruck at seeing his

father

father borne into the house by two men. The Doctor declared that he could not live above three hours, and he chose to spend with his sorrowful son, the last moments of his existence. "Albio," said the dying Julien, "I am cut off in the full vigour of my age, for I have not yet seen forty years. A vil'ian's hand has interrupted my existence, tho' I cannot conjecture who it was. While I yet live, let me mention that which is most important—Your real name is Pionori, and Amanda de Pionori, whom you love, is doubtless the child of my brother Velasco. As the laws of Italy allow of your union, you have my consent, and if she inherits my brother's disposition, I have no doubt of her making you happy. But, O my son! a nearer concern weighs on my heart; as far as I know, you have a mother alive (Albio started with surprise.) Question me not concerning her, suffice it to say, she was—guilty, and I —imprisoned her—in the dungeons of my castle; in Mounjoy Wood you will find your mother." This was the last word Julien spoke; he lay insensible for nearly half an hour, and then breathed no more. Pionori instantly commenced the search for his mother; for as he imagined she received her food at his father's own hands, he was afraid, if not directly relieved, she might starve to death. He explored the dismal subterranean recesses for some time to no purpose; he exerted his voice repeatedly, and the sullen echoes reverberated along the vaulted passages. At length he imagined he heard the moans of distress; his heart beat with undescrivable emotion; he hastened toward the place where the sounds proceeded. A door stopt his progress; he furiously burst it open, and found himself in a dungeon, with a dim lamp depending from the vaulted roof; the faded form of his mother lay on a straw bed, in one corner, with her food by her, contained in the ghastly scull. He ran to her with the keenest sensations of filial anguish:—"My mother! Oh, my mother!" She opened her languid eyes,

eyes—the spirit of a mother shone through them, as she gazed on her son. “Am I really in the world?” said she; “or is my soul dislodged from my body? that I see, or dream I see that face, so much like my Albio’s!” “O my beloved mother!” “’Tis he! ’tis he himself! ’tis my son I see! O my dear child!” She half rose from the bed, and made an effort to embrace him! it was the last effort of expiring nature, and she closed her eyes in death. Instead of attempting to describe the agony of Pionori, we shall imitate the judicious conduct of that painter, who when he expressed the sorrow of a family for a departed relation, represented the anguish of a father by shading his face with a veil. Let it suffice us to say, that Julien and Theodora were buried in the same grave; and when the accuteness of his sorrow was somewhat moderated, young Pionori disposed of the Castle and his house in Strada di Toledo, and instantly set off for Venice; for he learnt from the Dutchess de Gassandi, that Amanda’s mother was dead, since which she had not heard from that maid (though she had written several time) and was very much surprised at her silence. This information determined him instantly to go, and unfathom the mystery. We shall leave him on his journey towards Venice, and return to Amanda; who had been summoned to attend the couch of a dying mother. Let it be observed, that at this period the Dutchess de Gassandi was indisposed, and therefore incapable of taking so long a journey to see her sister. The Marchioness passionately embraced her daughter, wept in her bosom, and sincerely deplored her former neglect. The scene overcame Amanda; the embraces of a mother were intirely new to her; and now alas! she was sensible of them only at a time when she was going to lose her. “Can you forgive me, my dear child?” said her mother, “for my unnatural neglect? O! that I could ever be so blind to your many excellences; my child; I feel your value at a time when death

death is going to ravish me from you : your brother Julien, for whom I have sacrificed my conscience, has broke my heart ! O that I had adhered to your father's advice, both with respect to him and you !—what years of sorrow should I have escaped ! The Marquis, your father, is not dead as I know of, which you have been taught to believe ; but disappeared some years ago in consequence of some domestic disagreements." Amanda was truly astonished at these last words ; to have a father alive, was quite unknown to her, and her bosom was agitated with tender, and 'till then, unknown emotions. The Marchioness languished a few days, and then expired. The afflicted Amanda hung over her coffin with mournful sorrow, and when the last sad obsequies were performed, she was perhaps the only real mourner of the groupe. A few days after her funeral, Amanda told Julien the astonishing secret which the dying Marchioness had divulged,—that their father might be yet alive. But the information was received very coldly ; nay, she imagined a shade of fear overspread his countenance, which she could account for no way, but by supposing he thought if the Marquis should return to his Castle, such a circumstance would not fail of deducting largely from the means by which he gratified his vicious propensities. Amanda was sorry to admit this thought, so dishonourable to the heart of Julien ; but alas ! his daily conduct rendered it by no means improbable.

For Julien, who had intermitted his lewd pleasures awhile, began again, to pursue them with avidity ; the Castle rung every night, with peals of riotous mirth ; and Julien and his companions, some of the young, debauched Venitian nobility, continued drinking and carousing 'till the morning dawned.' These scenes were ill-suited to the delicate Amanda, who was shocked at her brother's depravity ; she expostulated with him on the disgrace which his conduct would entail on the family name ; but he gave her unkind and domineering
answers,

answers, and she determined shortly to leave the Castle and go to her aunt's. But she was obliged to leave it before she expected; Julien, who seemed born for wickedness, conceived a passion which virtue shudders to think of!—The passion of love is never so wasting and furious as where nature has placed the object out of our reach; the soul cannot reflect without horror, on its own desires, and the impossibility of an innocent gratification, loads that horror with desperation! One night, Julien and his sister were alone in the large parlour; the servants were absent; all was still in the Castle; his heart suddenly beat with horrible thoughts, his face grew pale; he approached Amanda, who was alarmed by the lewd expression of his eye. She ran into the hall, burst open the door of a little room, and escaped through the window, into the garden; she flew along the winding path, and let herself out of a small door, resolved never to enter the Castle again while it held Julien. Fatigued and harrassed, her weary frame rested at the foot of a tree. Just before the sun rose she awoke, and as she was making way through the leafy labyrinth, she heard a venerable man, who kneeled upon the turf, addressing a prayer to the Supreme Being; his aspect was indicative of his benevolence, and his beard swept his breast. "Pious recluse!" said Amanda, "will you shelter in your secret residence a daughter of misfortune?" The old man turned round, and surveyed the lovely being who spoke to him, with astonishment. "Alas! can misfortune attach to such a beautiful form?" said the hermit: "my homely dwelling will but ill-suit you, my daughter; but if it can afford the needed rest from fatigue, I shall be happy to administer it." He then took her hand, and led her to his cave which, as she stooped her head to enter, the miniature of her father dropt from her bosom, and hung suspended from her neck by a gold chain. The hermit caught it in his hand, as it swung to and fro:—"Daughter, take care, you will lose this picture! ah! heavenly powers!

am I in a dream? or do I really see what I once was! speak quick! whose likeness is that?" "This," said she, pressing the picture to her lips, "is my father, the unfortunate Marquis de Pionori."—"Merciful Providence! what a moment is this! O my beloved child! I am your father! Tears and embraces succeeded these words, and Amanda's astonishment was indescribable: "O my beloved child! you have reconciled me to life, I will emerge from this solitude, and once more resume my family honors." "O I entreat you do? and under your protection, I shall no longer fear the horrible attempts of Ju——" She stopt suddenly. "Ah! what of him? speak—no—be silent! my worst fears are true, and he has turned out——a Monster!" The Marquis enquired concerning his wife, and when he heard that he died bitterly lamenting her behaviour to himself, his heart was softened, and he wept plentifully. It was agreed that on the morrow, the Marquis and his daughter, should emerge from this obscurity. The night was stormy; the wind roared thro' the forest, and tore up some of its stoutest sons, and thunder bellowed from the louring clouds. Suddenly a man rushed into the cave; it was Julien; he saw not the Marquis, who was kneeling in a corner; but flying to Amanda, he cried, "Ah! have I found you at last? you shall not escape me again!" "O father! father! save me from Julien!"—"Monster of vice! quit thy sacreligious hold!" said the Marquis, seizing him by the arm.—"Hoary headed villian! take that!" said Julien, stabbing him, for he imagined that the word "father" referred only to his age. "You have murdered your father!" shrieked Amanda, and fell prostrate on the ground. Julien, stiff with horror, gazed on the dying Marquis, who, ere he expired uttered these words: "Does not thy mother's ashes tremble in her urn? thy fatal career begun by debauchery, included intended incest, and is crowned with parricide! Repent! O Repent!" The Marquis breathed his last. Unspeakable agonies seized
the

the soul of Julien: his eyes rolled in their sockets; a groan of despair burst from his heart; he raised his desperate hand, and plunged the steel in his breast! At that moment ran into the cave, as a refuge from the storm, Albio de Pionori, whom we left traveling to Venice. How he was astonished to see these scenes of blood, and his loved Amanda in the midst of them! explanations succeeded; and the bodies were conveyed to Venice for interment. After having mourned a decent time, Amanda gave her hand to the richly deserving Albio de Pionori, and a life of mutual felicity was the happy consequence.

Thus reader have I endeavoured to exhibit a faithful portrait of the Human Passions, when suffered to run wild thro' a lawless education, as exemplified in the life of that young abandoned Italian nobleman, Julien de Pionori.

FINIS

HOPELESS LOVE !

HORATIO de Viponti was descended from an honourable family ; his father was a Senator of Venice, and had given him a refined and classical education. His prospects in life were bright and flattering ; his person was good, and his mind exalted ; several Venician ladies were enamoured with him ; but hitherto his heart had been a stranger to the soft sensations of Love. When he was on the verge of his twentieth year, an accident happened which drew a sable cloud over the horizon of his prospects. He went into the church of St. Agnes one Sunday to hear a celebrated preacher ; beauty and dress are to be seen within consecrated walls, as well as at the gardens, or in the side boxes ; and here they were both conspicuous. Horatio's eyes wandered over the company, 'till they rested on a lady, who sat in the opposite gallery ; a convulsive heave of the breast announced the tumult that reigned within ; his heart beat quick, his breath nearly forsook him, and he endeavoured for some time in vain to withdraw his eyes. The Lady who had thus enchanted him was exceedingly beautiful, had fine dark eyes, and there was a neat elegance in her dress which distinguished a superior mind ; it was equally remote from ostentatious pomp and sluttish negligence. After the service was

concluded, Horatio cautiously followed her at a short distance, and saw her enter a small neat house, near St. Mark's place—he hovered about the spot 'till a late hour, and then returned home; but his natural gaiety was intirely fled, and his affectionate father, who saw that some hidden grief preyed on his spirits, tried, tho' in vain, to draw it from him. The sweet image he had seen at church, was perpetually before the eye of his mind: his heart was burthened: it would have relief: he snatched up his pen, and wrote these words:

“ Amiable and unknown Lady,

“ I feel that real love is the most timid thing in the world; for I cannot help trembling with anxiety lest you should be offended at the contents of this letter: the keenest happiness I experience is when I gaze at you, and when you accidentally bend your eyes on me, my soul is thrown into a sweet tumult; a kind of delightful confusion pervades all my frame. I am at this time acquainted with many women, who are beautiful in their persons, and refined in their intellects; but my heart will not desert its tranquil beatings in their presence, as it does in yours. If this declaration excites your anger (which Oh! I cannot sustain and live) I promise you never to repeat it; but to let the pensive anguish I now endure, continue to prey on my heart. O the delight I should experience, were I permitted to pour out, in the soft murmurs of genuine love, that soul you have so fully captivated! What joy, O what joy! to hear you speak—to—ah! to touch your hand, and languish over the beauty of your face with my enamoured eye. Good God! what have I said?—I'm too bold! Ah Lady! if you saw my heart at this moment!—O heaven! perhaps I have displeased you; and if so, of what value is life to me? O thou sweet woman; whosoever you are, you have stolen my soul a way!”

* * * * *

Horatio

Horatio, in the tumult of his mind, forgot that he had written it on a half sheet of paper ; he was therefore obliged to enclose it within a cover, on which he wrote these words: "The inclosed I snatched up, being the first that came to hand ; it contains a true picture of the heart which dictated it."

Horatio did not put his name to the letter, for if his love was unsuccessful, he thought he should be driven to some desperate act, and he was willing, whatever became of himself ; to preserve the family name from being tarnished by discovered suicide. Our young lover attended the church of St. Agnes on the next sunday, and to his infinite joy again saw the object of his affections ; he frequently felt in his bosom to see if the letter was safe, and he resolved to give it her himself. Accordingly, after the evening service, he followed her footsteps, but saw to his mortification, that she was attended by a gentleman, whom he supposed to be her brother ; so that he could not personally deliver the letter. As he walked to and fro from the house he saw a young female going in ; he hastily called her :— "Who lives in that house ?" "Signora Della Ptoreri." "Give this letter to the young Signora, and here's a pistole for you." "Do you mean to Madame Porteri ?" "Is there no young lady, no niece or sister ?" "None the Signor and his wife includes the whole family ; you, mean the next house perhaps ?" "No ;" sighed the alarmed lover ; "I saw her go in here. Does Signora Porteti wear a blue bonnet ?" "No Signor, a straw hat." "A straw hat ! not lately ; well give her that letter." "O heaven !" said he, as soon as the messenger was gone. "I fear she is married : if so, I'm lost for ever : unfortunate Horatio ! well, if it is so, I'll write no more to her, for she will soon know I love her, and the disclosure has taken so heavy burthen from my mind : I will not endure the torments of concealed love another week, for both the Indies : I know she has observed the directions of my eyes, at Church, my restlessness and deep-drawn sighs, and will have no
diffi-

difficulty in fixing on the true writer. The next Sunday, Horatio entered the Church with a slight agitation; the sweet abitress of his fate was already there; her head dress was changed; she had a straw bonnet on, and he looked upon this as an imitation that she had read his letter, and knew the writer. If Love is not resisted when it first pleads for entrance in the heart, it makes sad work there; tho' Horatio had become suddenly enamoured with this lady, yet his Love rapidly augmented: for since he became convinced she had seen his letter, he seemed to live but in her presence; their eyes frequently met, and his heart acknowledged their magical influence. Vain was his resolution of not writing to her any more; for, tho' he saw a child of about three years old with her, and the same gentleman whom he had observed going home with her, in the pew and consequently had reason to think she was married; yet he had drank so largely of love, that he was nearly distracted. When this most astonishing passion attains its acme (or last stage) there is something in its character, which may be called a child like (not childish) simplicity. Let the reader judge whether I do not speak true, by perusing this second epistle which the deeply enamoured Horatio wrote to Signora delle Porteri:—

“ O thou most lovely, and ineffably attractive woman! Can I ever forget those—O my God! what eyes! my soul delights to think of them; but how much more to see them? how much more to expire under their lucid emanations? O lady! if you knew me! O! what an eye! what spirit, fire, youth, animation, intelligence!—and O! what a soft, melting, captivating, soul subduing, heart panting radiance is emitted from that lucid orb—no, the expression is too faint—from that celestial mirror: for a mirror indeed it is, and I can see myself in it—my unhappy self I beseech you look directly in your glass, and say whether

ther I can help loving you? Well now—but look again—do you not see in your eye, a torn and bleeding heart? 'tis not on the retina, but deep in the pupil; ay! now you see it—That is mine, lady: that is my heart? O no, 'tis yours, I do not wish it back, tho' you stole it from me; yes, you stole it; but very innocently; at St. Agnes' Church, and therefore I love the sweet thief. Look how 'tis mangled, Lady, by clinging so fondly to its native place (for every thing loves its home) when with sweet cruelty, you ravished it from my breast, and planted the bleeding flutterer in an eye ball, dipt in the finest liquid ebony. O! can I ever cease loving you? no, indeed! Why should I not love you? ah! I fear to pursue that question: a child! a gentleman! why does my hand tremble? I've taken a turn or two, and trust I am more composed. If 'tis so, I will love you without desire; with a pure, brotherly affection—But Oh! I feel I am unhappy; indeed dear Lady, I knew it not when I first saw you: I do not hate your husband: no, heaven is my witness I love him, because he is so nearly related to you; but think not I can recall my affections; as soon could I pluck a star from Heaven. Do you not pity me then? O yes! I will think you do, and it will be calm to my wounded soul. Angels pity the miseries of mortality, and therefore surely you pity mine! O those sweet eyes! I like to repeat the word—they are dark eyes—I'll write it in Capitals: yes, they are LARGE DARK EYES! I saw them last Sunday, and I shall see them again next Sunday. O rapture unutterable! I shall see those sweet those beauteous eyes next Sunday! Perhaps they will look at me again; O heart! I knew you would pant at that thought. The owner of those sweet eyes, lives near St. Marks-place; my soul now hovers round the dwelling: I am too mean, even to be her servant: 'tis an honor to attend her. Yes, Lady! I wish I were your servant, for I love you; O that soft word Love! yes I do love you, because you are beautiful, and your mind is rich, and exalted: I know it is; my heart tells me

so. Sweet woman! you are the innocent cause of all my sorrows: I wither in my bloom, loath my food, and in the little rest I have, your precious image haunts me still. O that I could be dear to you, and looking in your love darting eyes, say these words, as well as my trembling voice would let me: Sweet Lady! I love you! O! I love you! look at my trembling limbs, heaving breast, panting heart, short breath, pale cheek, and rising sighs, and say whether I do not love you?"

Horatio reviewed his letter, and thought the language too faint to express the ardour of his passion; for when Love is at the height, it considers the object rather as a Divinity, than a mortal. Our hero sauntered about her house one night, seeking an opportunity to deliver the letter; at length he saw a boy, whose age he imagined too young to be suspicious: he called him;—"Give this letter to Signora Porteri: but hark! deliver it secretly into her own hand; if the Signor is with her, keep the letter fast in your pocket, and ask whether Hippocro, the Physician lives there, when they answer 'No' come directly out; I'll reward you for it."

Horatio looked in the window, and saw the object of his affections come out of an inner room, where the Signor was sitting; the boy advanced far into the room, and gave the letter: Horatio cursed his awkward simplicity; the Signora with trembling hands broke the seal, while with agitated voice, she seemed eagerly talking to the boy, and ever, and anon, she cast a quick fearful glance into the inner-room: at length our lover thought he saw the husband come forward, cast an inquiring look at the letter, and take it into his own hand! At that moment he felt the torments of the damned! Both husband and wife disappeared, and the boy came out. "Follow me directly! make haste! how you creep," said he, catching hold of his hand, and hurrying him along, 'till they came to a bye-lane. "Did you give the letter?" "Yes," answered the boy, thoughtfully. "Was the signor there?" "He was in the little parlour." "Did he see it?" "I don't know," "You

"You little fool! I intended to give you a zequin, if you had executed your errand properly; but as it is, take this carling, and that's more than you deserve—Stop! if you say a word of this transaction, your life shall answer it!" Horatio now walked slowly home, muttering to himself these words:—"Fool! Wretch! Coward! ah! coward? yes I am a coward, for where is my resolution? Why could I not have loved her secretly? Why write to her a second time? Perhaps I've fix'd the pangs of jealousy in the heart of a worthy man, and rendered her unhappy! ah! if I thought that, I would not live: should her husband have opened the letter! I dread to think of it! If that's the case, I shall never see her more!" There is a word in the English language, which though it consists of eight letters only includes in it a world of misery: reader, if you have ever been in *SUSPENCE*, you know what it is. "O that I could sleep till next Sunday!" said Horatio, tho' it was then but Tuesday. Sunday came at last, and he entered the church with more agitation than ever; the Laura of his second Petrarch, was already there. He imagined she beheld him with a mixture of pity and displeasure. He studiously avoided looking at her, for such was his dread, that the Signor had seen the letter, that his fear of betraying himself overcame the ardent longings of his soul. It happened that two days after this, her husband was taken with the flux which speedily caused his death. Horatio missed her at Church next Sunday. "Ah!" said he, "what I dreaded, has come to pass; but I'll see her again before I die!"

That night he rushed into the house, and threw himself at her feet; he noticed not her mourning, but saw only herself!

"Good heaven! your looks are wild and pale! What have you done!"

"Drank poison! and now I come to die at your feet, as a last testimony of my unalterable love!"

"O God! run Lucia instantly to all the Physicians; the world

world to save him ! O thou dear youth ! I may now love you without a crime !'

"What sweet words do I hear ? do you then love me !"

The Physicians, came and with great difficulty, extracted the poison ; and Horatio's passion being now supported by hope, he rapidly recovered. The young and lovely widow having mourned a decent time for her husband's death, bestowed her hand on him, who had so long been the victim of **HOPELESS LOVE ?**

FINIS.